156.

Heaven the Reſidence of the Saints.

A

SERMON

Occaſioned by the ſudden and much lamented DEATH of the

Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, *A.M.*

Chaplain to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the Counteſs of HUNTINGTON.

DELIVERED AT THE

Thurſday Lecture at BOSTON, in *America*,
October 11, 1770.

By EBENEZER PEMBERTON, *D.D.*
Paſtor of a Church in *Boſton*.

To which is added,

An ELEGIAC POEM on his DEATH,

By PHILLIS,

A NEGRO GIRL, of Seventeen Years of Age,
Belonging to Mr *J. Wheatley* of *Boſton*.

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To an Inheritance—reſerved in Heaven for you.

THE Deſire of Happineſs is common to all intelligent Beings: It is ſo interwoven in the Conſtitution of human Nature, that it can never be ſeparated from it: It animates the Prince upon the Throne, and the Peaſant in his humble Cottage: It ſprings up in our Breaſts in the early Dawn of Life, it attends us in our maturer Age, it does not deſert us at the Gates of Death, but accompanies us through every Period of our Exiſtence.

We all deſire to be happy — But the greateſt part of Mankind know not where this Bleſſing is to be obtained. They erect their Altars to imaginary Idols, and ſeek Satisfaction in ſenſual Indulgencies, which inevitably diſappoint their Expectations.

The Complaints of all Ages are ſufficient to convince us, that this Earth is not the Place where Happineſs is to be found. Its brighteſt Days are ſhaded with melancholly Clouds: Its ſweeteſt enjoyments are infected with many bitter Ingredients: Its higheſt Pleaſures afford only a tranſient Flaſh of Delight, and frequently end in Satiety and Diſguſt.

We find by conſtant Experience, that the Scenes of the preſent Life are perpetually varying: A Succeſſion of Hopes and Fears, of Joys and Sorrows, attends us from the Cradle to the Grave.

Muſt we then renounce all Hopes of Happineſs for ever, and reſign ourſelves up to a dark and inconſolable Deſpair? No! The CREATOR and FATHER of the Univerſe has not conſigned Man, his favourite Offspring, to unavoidable Miſery: *He is the Rewarder of them that diligently ſeek Him.* He has provided an Happineſs for them beyond the Dominion of Death. The preſent Life is the Infancy of our Being; if we improve it aright, we ſhall ſhortly attain to *the Stature of perfect Men in* CHRIST JESUS, and enter upon a nobler State of Exiſtence. While upon Earth, we inhabit a Valley of Tears; but Heaven is the Seat of unmingled Felicity and Joy.

This Hope, the Apoſtle ſets before the primitive Chriſtians, to ſupport them under their diſtinguiſhing Trials, to animate them to the zealous Diſcharge of the various Duties of the Chriſtian Life; *Bleſſed be God, the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, which according to his abundant Mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively Hope, by the Reſurrection of Jeſus Chriſt from the Dead: To an Inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away;* RESERVED IN HEAVEN FOR YOU.

In ſpeaking to the Words of my Text, I ſhall ſhew,—That Heaven is the appointed Reſidence

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of the People of GOD in a future World: And then take a View of ſome of the magnificent Deſcriptions which are given of Heaven in the Word of GOD.

FIRST, I am to ſhow, that Heaven is the appointed Reſidence of the People of GOD in a future World.

They *have here no continuing City.* Heaven is the Place deſigned for their eternal Abode: Into this Place the penitent Thief was tranſlated immediately after he expired upon the Croſs: Our bleſſed LORD, amidſt the Agonies of diſſolving Nature, addreſſes him in Language becoming the PRINCE OF LIFE; *This Day thou ſhalt be with me in Paradiſe.* Into this delightful Abode, the Spirit of departed *Lazarus* was conveyed by miniſtring Angels. No ſooner was he delivered from the Sorrows of this mortal State, but he was admitted to the Refreſhments of ABRAHAM's Boſom.

The Spirits of juſt Men, while upon Earth, reſide in Tabernacles of Clay, which muſt ſhortly be reſolved into their original Duſt. But they have *a Building not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens.* Even while they dwell in this the Land of their Pilgrimage, they *ſeek a better, even an heavenly Country.* GOD, who condeſcends to ſtile himſelf their FATHER and their FRIEND, will not diſappoint thoſe Hopes, which are founded on the Promiſes of his Word, but will exceed their largeſt Expectations.

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The enlivening Proſpect of an Entrance into this happy Place, reconciled Saint PAUL to the Thoughts of his approaching Diſſolution: He deſired *to be abſent from the Body, that he might be preſent with the* LORD.

When our divine Maſter took an affectionate Farewel of his favourite Apoſtles, He comforted them with this kind and condeſcending Promiſe; *I go to prepare a Place for you; I will come again and receive you to myſelf; that where I am, ye may be alſo.*

We know, that when our bleſſed LORD had finiſhed his Work upon Earth, He was received into the higheſt Heavens; in the View of his aſtoniſhed Diſciples, attended with a radiant Guard of Angels, He entred into the Courts above, *to appear for us in the Preſence of God. Him muſt the Heaven of Heavens receive until the Times of the Reſtitution of all Things* (*a*). If then the Souls of departed Saints are to be with CHRIST, as we are aſſured by the unerring Oracles of Truth, they muſt be received into Heaven: For this is the Place where our bleſſed Redeemer reſides; from thence he iſſues out his authoritative Orders, and governs the Worlds of *Nature* and *Grace*, for the Advantage of his Church.

SECONDLY, We now proceed to take a View of ſome of the magnificent Deſcriptions that are given us of Heaven in the Word of GOD.

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(*a*) Acts iii. 21.

We are indeed, at preſent, too diſtant from this ſuperior World to form an adequate Idea of its Excellency and Glory. It is in a great meaſure an unknown Country: Its Glories are covered with a Veil; they are only diſcovered by an Eye of Faith. Let us extend our View to the utmoſt Limits of our preſent Capacity, we ſhall form as defective Conceptions of theſe exalted Regions, as a Man confined all his Days to a ſolitary Dungeon, could of the Pomp and Grandeur of the moſt magnificent Palace. But, bleſſed be GOD, though we are not capable of a full View, we may take a diſtant Proſpect of the heavenly World. We are not left intirely in the Dark; we may form ſome faint Conception of the Happineſs of thoſe who are admitted into it.

The SON OF GOD deſcended from Heaven *to bring Life and Immortality to Light*. He has given us ſuch an Account of this unſeen State, as is adapted to our preſent Situation and Circumſtances. Enough is diſcovered to inſpire us with ardent Deſires after it, and engage us to the moſt active and earneſt Endeavours to prepare for it. Though we muſt paſs through the Shades of Death before we enter into this Land of Life and Light; yet we may view it as deſcribed in the ſacred Scriptures. While travelling through this dark and uncomfortable Deſert, we are permitted to behold, as in a Landſcape, the promiſed *Canaan*.

The ſtrongeſt Images are employed to ſhadow out its inviſible Glories. The Charms of Nature and

and Art are deſcribed in Strains of the ſublimeſt Eloquence, to give us the moſt lively Proſpect of the Happineſs of its glorified Inhabitants.

It is repreſented as *a City*,—not like thoſe erected by human Hands, which are often diſturbed by inteſtine Diviſions, and deſtroyed by hoſtile Neighbours: But *a City* founded upon an immoveable Baſis, *whoſe Maker and Builder is God*. Its Citizens are for ever exempted from the Aſſaults of Pain, the Ravages of War, and the Fury of the Elements. It is free from thoſe melancholly Accidents which have often depopulated the moſt flouriſhing Communities, and transformed the ſuperb Palaces of Princes into Heaps of Ruin. Into this City entreth nothing that defileth or diſtreſſeth its Inhabitants. *There is no Night*, for *the Preſence of the Lord God Almighty enlightneth it*. The Beams of his bleſſed Countenance form a perpetual and unclouded Day.

But further, to give us the moſt exalted Idea of the Dignity and Privileges to which the Righteous are advanced, they are repreſented as poſſeſſing *a Kingdom*; a Kingdom is the utmoſt Wiſh of ambitious and aſpiring Mortals. To enjoy this, they form the moſt artful Intrigues, encounter the moſt formidable Dangers, wade through Fields of Blood, and often ſacrifice the Lives of their deareſt Friends. If they ſucceed to the Extent of their Wiſhes, how often are earthly Kingdoms undermined by ſecret Treachery, or overthrown by open Violence? The Crowns of Princes are

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lined with Thorns; their diſtinguiſhed Heads become the Marks againſt which the Shafts of Envy and Malice are perpetually diſcharged: Their Adminiſtration is rendred uneaſy by popular Diſcontents, and the public Tranquillity deſtroyed by Schemes of Ambition and Avarice.

But the Kingdom of the Juſt is at all Times free from theſe diſagreeable Circumſtances. There *the* LORD GOD *omnipotent reigneth:* The moſt conſummate Wiſdom, impartial Juſtice, condeſcending Goodneſs, are diſplayed in every Part of the divine Government. Univerſal Love reigns in every Breaſt. The Laws of Peace, Order and Harmony, are invariably obſerved through all the heavenly Manſions.

Heaven is called *the Kingdom of* GOD; becauſe it is the choſen Reſidence of the ſupreme Monarch of the Univerſe. Here he has erected his Throne, and fixed the Seat of his eternal Empire. Here he appears in the Grandeur and Majeſty of a GOD, and diſplays the awful and amiable Perfections of his Nature. His Smiles perpetually irradiate theſe Regions. A Senſe of his Love diffuſes unutterable Joy to all the Subjects of his extenſive Dominion. Myriads of adoring Seraphs ſurround his Throne, and with the Voice of Triumph celebrate the Honours of their KING. Clothed with the Charms of unfading Beauty, poſſeſſed of angelic Strength and Vigour, they ſtand before Him in ſhining Ranks, and with quick Obedience perform his ſovereign Orders.

The Spirits of departed Saints immediately become Members of this pure and perfect Society, are admitted to the ſame Dignity, partake of the ſame Joys, and with unutterable Tranſport join in the ſame Hallelujahs. The Rays which continually proceed from the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, ſpread Life and Joy through every Part of this holy Community. All that die in the Faith of GOD's Elect, are appointed to dwell in this Kingdom, and are the Favourites of the KING of Kings. They all ſhare in its Honours, Riches and Delights. They are adorned with the Title of *Kings and Prieſts unto God.* In this Character *they ſtand before the Throne of God, and ſerve him Day and Night.* Clothed with the unſpotted Robes of the Mediator's Righteouſneſs, they ſhine with tranſcendent Glory. Each wears *a Crown* upon his Head, to intimate the Honour to which he is advanced: All have *Palms in their Hands*, as Enſigns of Victory and Triumph. What is the Splendor of an earthly Court, when compared with the dazzling Luſtre in which the SONS OF GOD appear *in the Kingdom of their Father?*

I add, the Habitation of the Righteous is not only deſcribed as a Place of Dignity, but Pleaſure. To guard againſt the imaginary Dream of a *Mahometan* Paradiſe, its Pleaſures are repreſented as pure and ſpiritual; ſuch as exalt our Natures, and form us to a Reſemblance of the Great FATHER of our Spirits.

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In this celeſtial Paradiſe, ample Proviſion is made to ſupply the Wants, ſatisfy the Deſires, complete the Happineſs of the illuſtrious Reſidents. They are freed from thoſe Diſorders of Body, thoſe Diſtreſſes of Mind, which attend us through every Stage of our Pilgrimage upon Earth. None of the *Inhabitants ſay they are ſick*: They flouriſh in immortal Youth and Vigour. The reviving Preſence of GOD baniſheth all Sorrow from their Breaſts, and his own kind Hand *wipes all Tears from their Eyes. The* LAMB, *which is in the midſt of the Throne, feeds them with the heavenly Manna, and leads them to Fountains of living Waters.* Then ſhall be fulfilled in the ſublimeſt Senſe that conſolatory Promiſe, *Behold, the Tabernacle of God is with Men; He will dwell with them, and they ſhall be his People; and God himſelf ſhall be their God* (*b*). This contains every thing which is requiſite to complete and perpetuate our Happineſs; an Happineſs ſuperior to our largeſt Deſires; an Happineſs which ſurpaſſes our higheſt Imaginations.

APPLICATION.

This Diſcourſe will naturally lead us to many profitable REFLECTIONS: The Time will permit me to mention only two.

Firſt, Hence we ſee the aſtoniſhing Folly of thoſe who attach their Affection to the Vanities

(*b*) Rev. xxi. 3.

of the preſent Life, and neglect the Glories of a future World.

Who can behold, without a Mixture of Compaſſion and Grief, inconſiderate Mortals ſeeking Happineſs where it is not to be found, and after a thouſand Diſappointments, purſuing a deluding Phantom? Captivated with pleaſing Dreams, they deſpiſe the only Felicity of a rational and immortal Mind: With unceaſing Toil, they ranſack the whole Creation in ſearch of ſomething which will ſatisfy their Deſires, and in every Place they meet with *Vanity* and *Vexation*. To uſe the Language of Inſpiration, *they ſpend their Money for that which is not Bread; and their Labour for that which ſatisfieth not* (*c*). To increaſe their Unhappineſs, they often miſtake a fatal Poiſon for an agreeable Enjoyment: With eager Haſte they take down the intoxicating Draught, which conſigns them over to Death and Miſery. They vainly expect to be happy, in a World that lies under the Curſe of the ALMIGHTY, and ſtupidly neglect that World, where Bleſſedneſs flows in an uninterrupted Stream, *and makes glad the City of God*. Happineſs is purchaſed for us by the *Son of* GOD, and the Goſpel invites us to ſecure this ineſtimable Gift. But alas! Men are ſo infatuated, that they chooſe to walk in the prohibited Paths of Vice, though they lead to Hell; and are unwilling to obſerve the appointed road of Duty, though it conducts us ſafely to the Glories

(*c*) Iſai. lv. 2.

ries of Heaven. They remain the voluntary Slaves of Satan, when they might appear in the Character of the Sons of God. They wallow in thoſe ſordid Luſts which they enjoy in common with the Beaſts that periſh, and deſpiſe the Dignity and Bleſſedneſs of the Angels of Light.

How awfully is human Nature degraded from its primitive Rectitude! How aſtoniſhing is the Madneſs of Mankind! The Service of God is neglected, that we may follow the Dictates of Appetite and Paſſion: Heaven is undervalued for the tranſitory Delights of Earth. The Man who loſes a Kingdom, that he may ſpend his Time in trifling Amuſements; the Man who forfeits an immenſe Eſtate for a momentary Pleaſure, is not guilty of that Extremity of Folly, as the Wretch who forfeits the Favour of God that he may enjoy the ſmiles of the World, and excludes himſelf the Joys of Paradiſe, that he may live without reſtraint in the Pomps and Delicacies of the preſent Life. What is the Grandeur of a Monarch! What the Wealth of the *Indies!* What the Pleaſures of the moſt proſperous Senſualiſt! when compared with the unfading Honours, the incorruptible Treaſures, the tranſporting Delights, which are reſerved for the People of God? What Darkneſs vails the Underſtanding! What Stupidity poſſeſſes the Minds of Men! that they *prefer the Things which are ſeen and temporal, to the Things which though unſeen are eternal?*

Conſider,

Conſider, O Sinner! though the Objects of Senſe may now captivate your Heart, and render you inattentive to the moſt important Intereſts; in a little Time your Folly will be manifeſt before the aſſembled Worlds of Angels and Men. Covered with unutterable Confuſion, you will be obliged to confeſs the Abſurdity and Extravagance of your Conduct. With what Amazement will you view this Earth, the Seat of all your Joys, become a Sacrifice to the Wrath of an avenging God! What Agonies muſt you feel, when thoſe brutal Satisfactions, for which you have forfeited the Joys of the divine Preſence, ſhall eſcape from your Embraces for ever? With what Terror muſt you behold a deſpiſed and inſulted SAVIOUR deſcend from Heaven, in the Majeſty and Glory of an Almighty JUDGE? With what Regret, will you ſee the Patriarchs and Prophets, and all the Saints and Servants of GOD, rejoicing in the Kingdom of their Father; while you are condemned to *Blackneſs of Darkneſs for ever?*

Let the Conſideration of theſe Things awaken you out of your Security, and excite you to *flee from the Wrath to come.* Give all Diligence to be found of your Judge in Peace; that when this lower World ſhall be enwrapt in Flames, and all its admired Glories vaniſh into Smoke, you may poſſeſs *an Inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reſerved in Heaven for you.*

Secondly,

Secondly, How unbecoming is it for the Heirs of Heaven to imitate the manners of this corrupted Earth?

Shall the Sons and Daughters of the moſt High God act and live like the Children of this World? Shall they who are appointed *to inherit all Things*, inceſſantly toil for thoſe Enjoyments *which periſh in the uſing?* Is it not below the Dignity of a Chriſtian, to indulge the leaſt Attachment to the criminal Pleaſures of Sin and Senſe? Is it not a Diſgrace to our Character, to purſue the Honours and Advantages of this Life, by the low and unmanly Arts of Fraud and Falſhood? Shall not the Candidates for an unfading Crown, look down with a generous Contempt upon the infamous Practices of Inſincerity and Ingratitude? Shall they who are deſtined to enjoy a Kingdom, be ſolicitous to obtain the Favour and Applauſe of miſtaken and miſguided Mortals? Shall they who have an unperiſhing Treaſure in Heaven, meanly ſtoop to grovel in the Duſt of the Earth, to obtain thoſe Riches which are deſtroyed by a thouſand Accidents? Shall they who expect ſhortly to be admitted into the pure and perfect Society of Saints and Angels, be fond of thoſe glittering Trifles, thoſe defiling Amuſements, which form the Happineſs of Men who live *without God, without Chriſt, and without Hope in the World?* No: if we *are fellow-Citizens with the Saints, and belong to the Houſhold of God*; it becomes us *to have our Converſation in Heaven, from whence*

whence we look for the great God, *our Saviour.* We ſhould imitate his inſtructive Example, *who for the Joy ſet before him endured the Croſs, deſpiſing the Shame:* With unreluctant Chearfulneſs, we ſhould trace the moſt thorny Road, which leads to the Seats of Bliſs: With undaunted Fortitude, we ſhould diſdain the Frowns and Flatteries of the World, when they divert us from the Path of Duty: With unfainting Patience, we ſhould paſs through the Trials and Tribulations of the preſent State; *Knowing that our light Afflictions, which are but for a Moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal Weight of Glory* (*d*). If by the ſovereign Appointment of Heaven we are called to ſuffer the Loſs of all Things in the Cauſe of our adorable Maſter, we may chearfully make the Sacrifice: What is the Wrath of Man, in Compariſon with the Wrath of an omnipotent God? Men may perſecute us to Death, but the Grave places us beyond the Reach of their Cruelty and Malice: They may diſmiſs us from an uneaſy World, but they cannot exclude us the Delights of Paradiſe: They may remove us from this *Valley of Tears*; but this will introduce us into *the Joy of our Lord. Bleſſed are the Dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; Yea, ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their Labours, and their Works do follow them* (*e*).

This

(*d*) 2 Cor. iv. 17.

(*e*) Rev. xiv. 13.

This naturally leads me to ſpeak of my deceaſed Friend and Dear Brother, the Rev. Mr GEORGE WHITEFIELD, whoſe ſudden and lamented Death occaſioned the preſent Diſcourſe. I am not fond of funeral Panegyrics, which are oftener adapted to flatter the Dead than inſtruct the Living. But where Perſons have been diſtinguiſhingly honoured by Heaven, and employed to do uncommon Service for GOD's Church upon Earth, it would be criminal Ingratitude to ſuffer them to drop into the Duſt without the moſt reſpectful Notice: *The Memory of the Juſt is bleſſed!* Poſterity will view Mr WHITEFIELD, in many Reſpects, as one of the moſt extraordinary Characters of the preſent Age. His zealous, inceſſant and ſucceſsful Labours, in *Europe* and *America*, are without a Parallel.

Devoted early to GOD, he took Orders as ſoon as the Conſtitution of the Eſtabliſhed Church in *England* allowed. His firſt Appearance in the Work of the Miniſtry was attended with ſurpriſing Succeſs. The largeſt Churches in *London* were not able to contain the Numbers that perpetually flocked to hear his awakening Diſcourſes. The Crouds daily encreaſed. He was ſoon forced into the Fields, followed by Multitudes, who hung with ſilent Attention upon his Lips, and with Avidity received the Word of Life. The Spirit of GOD, in uncommon Meaſure, deſcended upon the Hearers. The Secure were awakened to a ſalutary Fear of Divine

Wrath; and inquiring Minds were directed to Jesus the only Saviour of a revolted World. The Vicious were visibly reclaimed, and those who had hitherto rested in a *Form of Godliness*, were made acquainted with the *Power* of a Divine Life. The *People of* God were refreshed with the Consolations of the blessed Spirit, and rejoiced to see their exalted Master *going on from Conquering to conquer*; and Sinners of all Orders and Characters bowing to the Scepter of a crucified Saviour.

His Zeal could not be confined within the *British Islands*: His ardent Desire for the Welfare of immortal Souls conveyed Him to the distant Shores of *America*. We beheld, a new Star arise in the Hemisphere of these Western Churches, and its salutary Influences were diffused, through a great Part of the *British* Settlements in these remote Regions. We heard with Pleasure from a Divine of the Episcopal Communion, those great Doctrines of the Gospel which our venerable Ancestors brought with them from their native Country. With a Soul elevated above a fond Attachment to instituted *Forms* and *Ceremonies*, he inculcated that pure and unadulterated Religion, for the Preservation of which our Fathers banished themselves into an uncultivated Desert. In his repeated Progresses through the Colonies, he was favoured with the same Success which attended him on the other side of the *Atlantic*. He preached from

Day

Day to Day in thronged Aſſemblies; yet his Hearers never diſcovered the leaſt Wearineſs, but always followed Him with increaſing Ardour. When in the Pulpit, every Eye was fixed on his expreſſive Countenance; every Ear was charmed with his melodious Voice; all ſorts of Perſons were captivated with the Propriety and Beauty of his Addreſs.

But it is not the fine Speaker—the accompliſhed Orator—that we are to celebrate from the ſacred Deſk: Theſe engaging Qualities, if not ſanctified by Divine Grace, and conſecrated to the Service of Heaven, are *as the ſounding Braſs and the tinkling Cymbal.* When miſimproved, inſtead of conveying Happineſs to Mankind, they render us more illuſtriouſly miſerable.

The Gifts of Nature, the Acquiſitions of Art, which adorned the Character of Mr WHITEFIELD, were devoted to the Honour of GOD, and the Enlargement of the Kingdom of our divine REDEEMER.—While HE preached the Goſpel the Holy Ghoſt was ſent down to apply it to the Conſciences of the Hearers; the Eyes of the Blind were opened, to behold the Glories of a compaſſionate Saviour; the Ears of the Deaf were unſtopped, to attend to the Invitations of incarnate Love; the Dead were animated with a divine Principle of Life; many in all Parts of the Land *were turned from Darkneſs to Light, and from the Power of Satan unto God.* Thoſe Doctrines which we had been inſtructed in from our

Infancy by our Faithful Paſtors, ſeemed to acquire new Force, and were attended with uncommon Succeſs when delivered by Him. His Diſcourſes were not trifling Speculations, but contained the moſt intereſting Truths: They were not an empty Play of Wit, but ſolemn Addreſſes to the Hearts of Men.

To convince Sinners that they were *by Nature Children of Wrath*; by Practice Tranſgreſſors of the Divine Law; and in Conſequence of this, expoſed to the Vengeance of offended Heaven; to diſplay the tranſcendent Excellency of a Saviour, and perſuade awakened Minds to confide in his Merits and Righteouſneſs, as the only Hope of a guilty World; to Impreſs upon the Profeſſors of the Goſpel the Neceſſity, not only of an outward Reformation, but an internal Change, by the powerful Influences of the Spirit; to lead the Faithful to a zealous Practice of the various Duties of the Chriſtian Life, that they may evidence the Sincerity of their Faith, and *adorn the Doctrine of* GOD *their* SAVIOUR; theſe were the reigning Subjects of his Pulpit Diſcourſes.

If Sinners were converted, if Saints were built up in Faith, Holineſs and Comfort, He attained his utmoſt Aim.

He was no contracted Bigot, but embraced Chriſtians of every Denomination in the Arms of his Charity, and acknowledged them to be the Children of the ſame Father, Servants of the

ſame

ſame Maſter, Heirs of the ſame undefiled Inheritance.

That I am not complimenting the Dead, but *ſpeak the Words of Truth and Soberneſs*, I am perſuaded I have many Witneſſes in this Aſſembly.

He was always received by Multitudes with Pleaſure, when He favoured theſe Parts with his Labours; but he never had a more obliging Reception than in his laſt Viſit. Men of the firſt Diſtinction in the Province, not only attended his Miniſtry, but gave him the higheſt Marks of their Reſpect. With what Faithfulneſs did he *declare unto us the whole Counſel of God?* With what Solemnity did he reprove us for our increaſing Degeneracy? With what Zeal did He exhorts us, *To remember from whence we were fallen, and repent and do our firſt Works, leſt God ſhould come and remove our Candleſtick out of its Place?*

Upon every Occaſion He expreſſed an uncommon Concern for our *Civil* as well as *Religious* Privileges, the dear-bought Purchaſe of our Heroic Ancestors. With what Fervency did He pray that they might be tranſmitted entire to the moſt diſtant Poſterity? He embraced every Opportunity, in public and private, to perſuade us to lay aſide our party Prejudices and Paſſions, that with undivided Hearts we might unite in every proper Method to ſecure our future Proſperity.

Animated

Animated with a Godlike Deſign of promoting the temporal and ſpiritual Happineſs of Mankind, after the Example of his Divine Maſter, *He went about doing Good.* In this he perſevered with unremitting Ardour and Aſſiduity till Death removed him to *that Reſt which remains for the People of God.* Perhaps no Man, ſince the Apoſtolic Age, preached oftener, or with greater Succeſs*.

If

* As a Specimen of his indefatigable Labours in the Work of the Miniſtry, I ſet down an Account of the Sermons he preached after his Arrival at *New-Port, Rhode-Iſland,* to the Time of his Death.

He ſailed from *New-York,* Tueſday *July* 31, P.M. Arrived at *Newport,* Friday *Auguſt* 3, A.M.

	Preached		Preached
Auguſt	4. New-Port	*Auguſt*	24. Boſton
	5. New-Port		25. Boſton
	6. New-Port		26. Medford
	7. New-Port		27. Charles-Town
	8. New-Port		28. Cambridge
	9. Providence		29. Boſton
	10. Providence		30. Boſton
	11. Providence		31. Roxbury-Plain
	12. Providence	*Sept.*	1. Milton
	13. Attleborough		2. Roxbury
	14. Wrentham		3. Boſton
	15. Boſton		5. Salem
	16. Boſton		6. Marblehead
	17. Boſton		7. Salem
	18. Boſton		8. Cape-Ann
	19. Malden		9. Ipſwich
	20. Boſton		10. Newbury-Port
	21. Boſton		11. Newbury-Port
	22. Boſton		12. Rowley
	23. Boſton		13. Rowley

From

If we view his private Character, he will appear in a moſt amiable point of Light. The polite Gentleman; the faithful Friend; the engaging Companion; above all, the ſincere Chriſtian, were viſible in the whole of his Deportment.

With large Opportunities of accumulating Wealth, he never diſcovered the leaſt Tincture of Avarice. What he received from the Kindneſs of his Friends, he generouſly employed in Offices of Piety and Charity. His benevolent Mind was perpetually forming Plans of extenſive Uſefulneſs. The ORPHAN-HOUSE, which many Years

From the Thirteenth of *September* to the Seventeenth he was detained from Public Service by a ſevere Indiſpoſition.

Preached		Preached
Sept. 17. Boſton		*Sept.* 19. Boſton
18. Boſton		20. Newton

The 21ſt of *September* he departed from *Boſton* upon a Tour to the Eaſtward, pretty much indiſpoſed.

Preached		Preached
Sept. 23. Portſmouth, New-Hampſhire		*Sept.* 26. Kittery
24. Portſmouth		27. Old York
25. Portſmouth		28. Portſmouth
		29. Exeter.

In this laſt Place he preached in the Morning in the open Air to accommodate the Multitudes that came to hear him, no Houſe being able to contain them: He continued his Diſcourſe an Hour and Fifty-five Minutes, was greatly fatigued, and in the Afternoon ſat out for Newbury-Port, where he arrived that Evening, went early to Bed, it being Saturday Night, intending to Preach the next Morning. He awaked ſeveral times in the Night, and complained much of a Difficulty of Breathing: At Six o'Clock on the LORD'S-DAY Morning he expired in an Aſthmatic Fit, and entered upon an everlaſting SABBATH, *Sept.* 30, 1770.

Years ago he erected in *Georgia*, and the COLLEGE he was founding in that Province at the Time of his Death, will be laſting Monuments of his Care, that RELIGION and LEARNING might be propagated to future Generations.

In the midſt of theſe generous Projections of public Utility, the commiſſioned Angel was diſpatched to diſſolve the vital Tie which detained him upon Earth, and permit the enlarged Mind to aſcend its native Skies, his Death was ſudden, but not by him undeſired. He often uttered an ardent Wiſh, *to be abſent from the Body, that he might be preſent with the Lord.* He has finiſhed his Work, and we doubt not has received the Approbation of his MASTER and JUDGE: *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant; enter Thou into the Joy of* THY LORD!

He had a quick Tranſition from the Labours of the Church upon Earth, to the ſublimer Services of the heavenly Sanctuary; he is ſeparated from the Society of his Friends below, but united to the nobler Society *of Angels, Arch-angels, and the Spirits of juſt Men made perfect.* View him then, not as periſhing in the Duſt of Death, but entered into a World of Glory. Behold him worſhipping before the Throne of GOD, not with a Company of frail and imperfect Mortals, but *with the general Aſſembly and Church of the Firſt-born*; ſhining in the unſpotted Robes of Holineſs;

Holineſs; uniting in their Hoſannahs, and partaking of their Triumphs.

If you aſk, *What is this* illuſtrious Company, *and from whence do they come?* I anſwer, in the Words of the *Angel* in the Viſion of St *John*, *Theſe are they which come out of great Tribulation, and have waſhed their Robes, and made them white in the Blood of the* LAMB.

I have not, my Brethren, drawn an imaginary Portrait, but deſcribed a Character exhibited in real Life. I have not mentioned his natural Abilities, which were vaſtly above the common Standard: I have not ſpoken of the Improvements he made in human Learning, in one of the moſt celebrated Univerſities in the World: I conſider him principally in the Light of a Chriſtian, and a *Miniſter* of JESUS CHRIST, in which he ſhone with a ſuperior Luſtre, as a Star of the firſt Magnitude.

After all, I am not repreſenting a perfect Man; there are Spots in the moſt ſhining Characters upon Earth. But this may be ſaid of Mr WHITEFIELD with Juſtice, that after the moſt public Appearances for above *thirty Years*, and the moſt critical Examination of his Conduct, no other Blemiſh could be fixed upon him, than what aroſe from the common Frailties of human Nature, and the peculiar Circumſtances which attended his firſt Entrance into public Life.

The Imprudencies of unexperienced Youth, he frequently acknowledged from the Pulpit with a Frankneſs which will for ever do Honour to his Memory. He took care to prevent any bad Conſequences that might flow from his unguarded Cenſures in the early Days of his Miniſtry. The longer he lived, the more he evidently increaſed in *Purity of Doctrine*, in *Humility*, *Meekneſs*, *Prudence*, *Patience*; and the other amiable Virtues of the *Chriſtian Life*.

We are now called to remember, not only his pathetic Diſcourſes, but his excellent Example; we are to follow him, *as far as he followed* CHRIST, the only unſpotted Pattern of Perfection.

His ſudden Death calls aloud upon All to prepare for that great Event, which muſt decide our Deſtiny for ever. From the ſilent Grave, he ſeems to addreſs us in the awakening Language of our LORD to his own Diſciples: *Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Maſter of the Houſe cometh; at Even, or at Midnight, or at the Cock-crowing, or in the Morning; leſt coming ſuddenly, he find you ſleeping. And what I ſay unto you, I ſay unto all, Watch* (*a*).

The ſolemn Calls, the faithful Reproofs, the compaſſionate Invitations, you have heard from this deceaſed *Servant of* CHRIST, will aggravate your Condemnation, if you die in Impenitence, or Infidelity.

Be

(*a*) Mark xiii. 35—37.

Be perſuaded then to trifle no longer with your immortal Welfare: Be awakened by the Word and Providence of God, without Delay, to proſtrate yourſelves at the Feet of our ALMIGHTY SAVIOUR; and accept of the Offers of reconciling Grace: Then, when delivered from *the Burden of the Fleſh*, you will be united, with all who are departed, in the Faith of GOD's *Elect*; and with them *inherit a Kingdom, prepared for you from the Foundation of the World.* Amen.

An ELEGIAC POEM

On the DEATH of that celebrated Divine, and eminent Servant of JESUS CHRIST, the Reverend and Learned

Mr GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Chaplain to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the Counteſs of HUNTINGTON, &c.

Who made his Exit from this tranſitory State, to dwell in the celeſtial Realms of Bliſs, on LORD's Day, 30th Sept. 1770, when he was ſeized with a Fit of the Aſthma, at *Newbury-Port*, near *Boſton*, *New-England*.

In which is a Condolatory Addreſs to his truly noble Benefactreſs the worthy and pious Lady HUNTINGTON; and the Orphan Children in *Georgia*, who, with many Thouſands are left, by the Death of this great Man, to lament the Loſs of a Father, Friend, and Benefactor.

By PHILLIS,

A Servant Girl of Seventeen Years of Age, belonging to Mr J. WHEATLEY of *Boſton*:

She has been but Nine Years in this Country from *Africa*.

HAIL happy Saint on thy immortal Throne!
To thee Complaints of Grievance are unknown;
We hear no more the Muſic of thy Tongue;
Thy wonted Auditories ceaſe to throng.
Thy Leſſons in unequall'd Accents flow'd;
While emulation in each Boſom glow'd.
Thou didſt, in Strains of Eloquence refin'd,
Inflame the Soul and captivate the Mind.
Unhappy we, the ſetting Sun deplore,
Which once was ſplendid, but it ſhines no more.
He leaves this Earth for Heaven's unmeaſur'd Height;
And Worlds unknown receive Him from our Sight:
There WHITEFIELD wings with rapid Courſe his Way,
And ſails to Zion thro' vaſt Seas of Day.

When

When his *Americans* were burden'd ſore,
When Streets were crimſon'd with their guiltleſs Gore,
Unrivall'd Friendſhip in his Breaſt now ſtrove;
The Fruit thereof was Charity and Love
Towards *America*---Couldſt thou do more
Than leave thy native Home, the *Britiſh* Shore,
To croſs the great *Atlantic*'s wat'ry Road,
To ſee *America*'s diſtreſs'd Abode?
Thy Prayers, great Saint, and thy inceſſant Cries,
Have pierc'd the Boſom of thy native Skies!
Thou, Moon, haſt ſeen, and ye, bright Stars of Light,
Have witneſs been of his Requeſts by Night.
He pray'd that Grace in every Heart might dwell:
He long'd to ſee *America* excel;
He charg'd its Youth to let the Grace Divine
Ariſe, and in their future Actions ſhine;
He offer'd THAT he did himſelf receive,
A greater Gift not GOD himſelf can give:
He urg'd the Need of HIM to every one;
It was no leſs than GOD's co-equal SON.
Take HIM, ye wretched, for your only Good;
Take HIM, ye ſtarving Souls, to be your Food.
Ye Thirſty, come to this Life-giving Stream:
Ye Preachers, take him for your joyful Theme:
Take HIM, "my dear *Americans*," he ſaid;
Be your Complaints in his kind Boſom laid:
Take HIM, ye *Africans*, he longs for you;
Impartial SAVIOUR, is his Title due;
If you will chooſe to walk in Grace's Road,
You ſhall be Sons, and Kings, and Prieſts to GOD.

Great

Great COUNTESS *! we *Americans* revere
Thy Name, and thus condole thy Grief ſincere:
We mourn with thee, that TOMB obſcurely plac'd,
In which thy Chaplain undiſturb'd doth reſt.
New-England, ſure, doth feel; the ORPHAN's Smart
Reveals the true Senſations of his Heart:
Since this fair Sun withdraws his golden Rays,
No more to brighten theſe diſtreſsful Days,
His lonely *Tabernacle* ſees no more
A WHITEFIELD landing on the *Britiſh* Shore:
Then let us view Him in yon azure Skies:
Let every Mind with this lov'd Object riſe.
No more can he exert his lab'ring Breath,
Seiz'd by the cruel Meſſenger of Death.
What can his dear *America* return,
But drop a Tear upon his happy Urn?
Thou, Tomb, ſhalt ſafe retain thy ſacred Truſt,
Till Life Divine re-animates his Duſt.

* The Counteſs of HUNTINGTON.

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